

"WHEN JOHN BULL GETS HIS TEETH IN"—MR. LLOYD GEORGE

The Daily Mirror

CERTIFIED CIRCULATION LARGER THAN THAT OF ANY OTHER DAILY PICTURE PAPER

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One Penny.

THE PREMIER AT HIS UNCLE'S BURIAL—MR. RICHARD LLOYD'S
SIMPLE WELSH FUNERAL AT CRICCIETH.



Mr. Lloyd George, beside whom is his elder brother, Mr. William George, is seen walking behind the coffin. Major Lloyd George (in uniform) was one of the bearers.

The funeral, which was of the simplest character, took place in the little cemetery on the hill at Criccieth on Saturday, not more than fifty people being present.

SOLDIERS AND NURSES DECORATED—YOUTHFUL HERO WORSHIPPERS FOLLOW SCOTTISH V.C.



Nurses, a number of whom received decorations, leaving the Palace.



The small boy is not interested in the ordinary soldier when V.C.s are about. The hero (wearing his medal) is Private Lauder.



Lieutenant Stranger, who lost a leg in action, received the M.C.

THRILLING FIGHTS IN THE AIR.

Officer Who Flew Under Fire for Six Hours.

TANK HERO'S D.S.O.

The dauntless bravery of our splendid airmen is brought vividly to mind by the publication of the latest list of awards for gallantry and devotion to duty.

For an act of conspicuous valour the King has approved of the appointment of Second-Lieutenant (temporary captain) G. C. Bailey, R.F.C. (Special Reserve), to be a Companion of the Distinguished Service Order.

He co-operated in an infantry raid by flying over the enemy's trenches at a height of only 1,500 ft. for more than an hour and a half in very adverse weather conditions, attacking the enemy in the trenches with machine gun fire, and locating sixteen active enemy batteries during the fight.

This is only one of many valiant deeds, however. Here are some typical examples:—

Flew for Six Hours Under Fire.

Lieutenant (Temporary Captain) Justin Howard Herring, M.C. R.F.C., Special Reserve, who received the D.S.O.

Displayed great courage and initiative in bombing an enemy gunboat which was towing a bridge upstream. He flew over the bridge for six hours under heavy rifle fire, and seriously harassed the enemy by preventing his bridging operations.

Wounded Airmen's Firing.

Temporary Second Lieutenant Alfred Victor Blenkinsop, Somerset Light Infantry and R.F.C. (Military Cross).

Although wounded, he fired his machine with great skill and brought down an enemy machine, thereby enabling his pilot to bring his machine safely home. On another occasion he displayed great courage when observing on patrol, and brought down a hostile machine.

Shot Down Foe Machine.

Second Lieutenant (Temporary Lieutenant) Elmer Peter Roberts, Royal Sussex Regiment and R.F.C. (Military Cross).

He three times dispersed an enemy working party with bombs and machine gun fire from a height of 1,000 ft. On another occasion he shot down an enemy machine. He has shown great determination on many occasions in taking photographs under most difficult conditions.

When Light Was Failing.

Major Hubert Jervoise Hudson, D.S.O., M.C., Dorsetshire Regiment, attached Imperial Camel Corps (a Bar to the D.S.O.).

For conspicuous gallantry and the masterly manner in which he handled the final assault when light was failing, and a decision had become vitally necessary. He directed and led the final assault in the most gallant manner, and was directly responsible for its successful finish.

Leader of Tanks.

Captain Russell Primrose Wells, Hussars, attached Motor Machine Gun Company (D.S.O.).

He has rendered valuable service in charge of armoured cars. The nature of his duties involve continued personal risk, and his personal gallantry has been several times brought to notice.

No Fear of Shells.

Temporary Captain Charles Cartwright, York and Lancaster Regiment (M.C.).

He rendered most valuable service in keeping the men together by constantly visiting the posts in the front line during an intense hostile bombardment.

Responsible for Thirty-four Prisoners.

Second Lieutenant (Temporary Captain) Edward Miller Ellis, R.A.C. (M.C.).

He led his men in the attack with great gallantry, and was responsible for the capture of an enemy strong point and the thirty-four prisoners.

Altogether the Gazette announces the award of twenty D.S.O.s, 145 Military Crosses, and sixty-five D.C.M.s.

LESS MEAT EATEN.

London Supply Down 25 Per Cent. Under Voluntary Rationing.

The Food Controller's scheme of putting the nation "on its honour" to adopt the food rations suggested by him is already showing satisfactory results.

According to figures issued by the superintendent of the Central London Meat Markets, only 23,435 tons of supplies were dealt with last month, against 31,835 tons in January, a decrease of 8,200 tons, or 25.9 per cent. Of these supplies about 50 per cent. were British.

Assuming the area served by the markets to contain a population of 6,000,000, the decrease for the first month of voluntary meat rationing is equivalent to three-quarters of a pound per head weekly.

NEW ZEPPELIN DESTROYED.

AMSTERDAM (received Saturday).—According to Belgian correspondents, a new Zeppelin, while making speed trials at Ghent Aerodrome, caught fire and exploded, being completely destroyed. The crew were burned to death. The event occurred on Monday evening.

Two Belgians who were reported as having witnessed the fire were arrested and taken to Germany.—Exchange.



The staff of the Western Union Telegraph Cable System entertained 125 wounded soldiers at the Savoy Hotel on Saturday.—(“Daily Mirror” photograph.)

BEATEN TO DEATH.

Fiendish Massacre of Sixty Russian Prisoners by Germans.

‘WALKED ON HEAP OF CORPSES.’

A Reuter's telegram from Petrograd to Paris states that M. Krivtsoff, a member of the Senate and President of the Extraordinary Commission of Inquiry on German Atrocities, has published the following story of which he guarantees the authenticity:—

“On October 9 last sixty Russian non-commissioned officers and 250 men were brought as prisoners of war to Mannheim. “Five days later a German officer told them they were to be employed on military works in Northern France, and asked the non-commissioned officers if they consented to go. “When they protested he called a detachment of German soldiers and ordered them to beat the Russian non-commissioned officers with the butt ends of their rifles. “The German soldiers did so for an hour and a half, until all sixty men had been killed. “When the massacre had been completed the German officer mounted this heap of corpses and walked about on it for some time.”

ANXIOUS PREMIER.

Mr. Lloyd George's Effort to Solve Ireland's Troubles.

By Our Parliamentary Correspondent.

A programme of great public interest is before Parliament this week.

This afternoon the Army Estimates are again down for discussion, and several interesting matters affecting military administration are to be raised.

On Wednesday the House will deal with a number of Irish questions, including Mr. T. P. O'Connor's motion for the speeding-up of Home Rule.

Sir John Lonsdale has not yet withdrawn his Compulsory Service amendment, but a good many leading Unionists deprecate the raising of this issue at the present.

The amendment which finds the greatest acceptance is that of Sir George Reid, the Colonial ex-Premier, who proposes that the problem shall be postponed till after the war.

Meanwhile the speech of the Prime Minister is awaited with the keenest interest.

The question has given him a good deal of anxious thought, and if he has not a cut-and-dried plan for solving Ireland's troubles it is at least hoped that he will be able to pour oil on troubled waters.

Lord Middleton, in a letter to the Press, says:—“It is high time that the actual position in Ireland should be brought home to those responsible for it.”

“If Ireland has failed to do her duty in the war it is due, not to the relatively small body of militant Sinn Feiners, but to those who have encouraged apathy and sacrificed Imperial security to party advantage.”

“Ireland has no grievance in connection with the war. England has borne compulsion, raids, destruction of property, liquor restrictions and increased railway charges, which Ireland has been spared.”

“Parliament should summarily set aside the chapter of manufactured grievances, act boldly and cut out the canker spots which impede Ireland in its duty to the Empire.”

POTATOES ‘HELD UP.’

Policemen Have To Control Long Queues of Clamouring Women.

Potatoes were unobtainable in many markets and shops on Saturday at the officially fixed price of 1½d. per lb.

Convent garden dealers declared that the crisis had arisen through the farmers holding up their supplies until next month, when they will be allowed by the Government to charge £1 more per ton.

At some of the London street markets strange scenes were witnessed, policemen being requisitioned to control long queues of women lined up in front of shops and stalls.

CALL FOR 500,000.

Mr. Neville Chamberlain's Faith in Voluntary National Service.

WHEN THE PUSH COMES.

“I have been asked why I do not adopt compulsory national service at once,” said Mr. Neville Chamberlain, speaking at Whitefield's Tabernacle yesterday.

“Nobody was likely to accuse the Germans of squeamishness in any particular,” he continued, “but they, by their Auxiliary Bill, were endeavouring to find out what voluntary service would do before compulsory measures were adopted.”

“Let us see, before we talk of adopting a compulsory system, what the voluntary system will bring forth. I have little doubt that voluntarism will do all that is required of it, but in order to bring this about we must do all in our power to make it a success.”

“We were now beginning a forward movement in consequence of the retirement of the Germans. It was no secret that this forward movement was to be undertaken in the spring, but we must expect when it did take place to see long lists of casualties.”

In the course of the next six months we should have to find hundreds of thousands of men if we were to give Field-Marshal Haig the strength on which he was counting in order to elench the victory.

The enemy was on the waver, and now was the time to hit him hardest.

“Already I have received 100,000 offers for voluntary work, but I want five times that number, and I am going to get them, I believe.”

“I have not asked you, droned to the skin or frozen to the marrow and caked with mud, to man the front-line trenches,” said Mr. Macnamara, the Financial Secretary to the Admiralty, at New Cross yesterday.

“When this business began I did ask your brothers, your sons, your shipmates to do this, and they went like men, with a laugh on their faces and a song on their lips, telling us it was a Long Way to Tipperary.”

“Now I come to you, and I ask you to enrol for national service, to lend your weight to enable us to deliver the final knock-out blow.”

BRAVE FIRE OFFICERS.

Recipients of the King's Police Medal for Gallant Work.

The members of the London Fire Brigade learned yesterday that three popular officers, Mr. S. G. Gamble, senior officer, Mr. A. R. Dyer.



Mr. S. G. Gamble.

Mr. A. R. Dyer.

Dyer, divisional officer, and Station Officer Gardiner, have been awarded the King's Police Medal for gallant work in connection with fires caused by enemy aircraft.

100 SEAMEN ADRIFT ON ICE FLOES.

COPENHAGEN, Sunday.—Early this morning a Swedish torpedo-boat and a great number of motor-boats went out to save Swedish fishermen stranded on drifting ice floes. It is supposed that about 100 fishermen are drifting about in the Categat.

During last night it became very cold, and many of the men will, it is feared, be either drowned or frozen to death. At eleven o'clock yesterday, a number of boats returned without having seen the ice floes.—Exchange.

Second Lieutenant the Hon. F. J. Thesiger, R.F.A., elder son and heir of Lord Chelmsford, the Viceroy of India, is reported wounded.

EVERY WOMAN HER OWN GARDENER.

Allotments for Housewives to Grow More Food.

SPARE-TIME GARDENS.

Allotment gardens for housewives is the latest suggestion for increasing the food supply of the nation.

A scheme to this effect was recently submitted to the Local Government Board and *The Daily Mirror* understands that it has created a favourable impression.

The idea, which originated with the National Home and Town Planning Council, is intended to apply more particularly to the large towns.

Thousands of housewives, it is argued, would be only too happy to devote a few hours each day in growing useful vegetables.

“There is plenty of uncultivated land on the outskirts of our big towns,” explained a well-known organiser of women workers yesterday, “and the proposition is that it shall be broken up, divided into small garden plots, and let at a nominal rent to women for growing vegetables.”

MUNICIPAL HELP.

“The municipalities would be the best media for working the scheme.”

In addition to roughly preparing the land they could arrange a supply of seeds, and, by means of leaflets and lectures, give the housewife gardener hints and advice as to how to cultivate her little “patch.”

“Patriotic corporations might also arrange for cheap transport fares to be issued to the women gardeners when travelling to and from their allotments.”

“I think it is a splendid idea,” Miss Norah Green, the secretary to the National Union of Women Workers, told *The Daily Mirror*.

“It would not only supplement the scheme which Mr. Prothero is considering for organising an army of regular women workers for tilling the land, but the economic benefits to be obtained at a time when everything that increases our food supply is of national importance cannot be overestimated.”

“Every woman wants to do something, and hundreds of housewives would, I am sure, be only too delighted if they could have the chance of growing their own vegetables.”

“It is a timely and practical idea, and one which, with proper organisation, should meet with great success and be much appreciated by those whom it is intended to benefit.”

WORKERS AND ORDER.

Trade Union Leaders' Fears About Restricted Occupations.

Are the independence and liberty of the worker threatened by the new Restricted Occupations Order?

Trade union circles and workers generally are anxious about the order, and there was much discussion of it during the week-end.

The workers' leaders are suggesting that the scheme savours too much of industrial compulsion.

The Daily Mirror understands the Government will be asked for an official interpretation of the order in the House of Commons either to-day or to-morrow.

The most unpleasant feature about the order, said a worker, “is that it gives an employer almost unlimited opportunity to victimise his employees.”

“He can cut down their salary, insist on longer hours and do all manner of things which might justify a worker leaving his employer. The worker under the new order is in a more or less hopeless position.”

The employer, however, does not get it all his own way. He cannot replace a man who leaves or is dismissed.

NEWS ITEMS.

Heavy Snow in Yorkshire.

Snow fell heavily on the East Yorkshire Wolds yesterday.

German Activity at Berne.

The German Legation at Berne has been increased, says a wireless message, from a staff of 300 to one of 500.

Prisoners on the Land.

Owing to the great dearth of labour prisoners of war are to be employed on farms and market gardens in Middlesex, Herts, and Essex.

U.S. Attache's Death.

Falling from his horse and fracturing his skull, Major Holberg, U.S. Military Attache at the Italian front, died on Saturday, says a Central News message.

A £2,000 Cockerel.

A cockerel, the property of Mr. Fyson, the brewer, which at forty-eight sales has raised £2,526 for the Red Cross, will be sold by auction by Mrs. Prothero at Biggleswade on Wednesday.

Nurses' Valuable War Service.

A supplement to the *London Gazette*, issued last night, contains the names of 1,935 nurses “brought to the notice of the Secretary of State for War for valuable services rendered in connection with the war.”

BRITISH STRIKE HARD AT NEW POINT IN THE WEST

Bouchavesnes Blow: 1,200 Yards of Foe's Front and Support Lines Taken.

1,200 YARDS ANCRE PUSH ON 2 MILES FRONT

German Counter-Attacks Fail With Heavy Losses—Our Successful Raid Near Ablaincourt.

BRITISH OFFICIAL.

GENERAL HEADQUARTERS, Sunday.

9.12 P.M.—This morning we attacked and captured the enemy's front and support lines east of Bouchavesnes on a front of 1,200 yards, taking 173 prisoners and three machine guns.

During the day the enemy delivered several counter-attacks, all of which were repulsed with heavy loss.

East of Gommecourt the enemy is continuing to yield ground. In this neighbourhood our troops have advanced along a two-mile front to an average depth of 1,200 yards.

A successful raid was carried out last night north-east of Ablaincourt. Six prisoners were captured.

During the last twenty-four hours we have captured a total of 190 prisoners, five machine guns and two trench mortars.

BRITISH 'T.B.D.' LOST WITH ANCRE RETREAT REVEALS ALL HANDS.

Thought To Have Struck a Mine in the North Sea on March 1,

ADMIRALTY OFFICIAL.

One of H.M. destroyers was sunk with all hands in the North Sea on March 1 as the result, it is thought, of striking a mine. All the next-of-kin have been informed.

FRENCH RAID REACHES GERMAN SECOND LINE.

Violent Artillery Duels in the Woivre and South of Etain Railway.

FRENCH OFFICIAL.

Between the Oise and the Aisne our parties have penetrated into the enemy positions south of Nouvron as far as the second line of trenches and did great damage.

A hostile coup de main directed more to the west against our posts in the region of Haute Braye failed under our fire.

On the left bank of the Meuse our artillery caught under their fire and dispersed an enemy detachment north of Regueville.

In Alsace we drove back parties of the enemy who attacked our posts in the sectors of Ammer Zwiller and Burnhaupt. The enemy suffered some loss.

Aviation.—On the night of March 3 our bombardment squadrons dropped bombs on the hangars of Frescati, the powder factory of Rous-les-Hauts, on the blast furnaces of Woolfing (district of Sarrebrück) and on the railway station of Delme.—Reuter.

"100 PRISONERS TAKEN."

GERMAN OFFICIAL.

(Admiralty per Wireless Press.)

From the Etain-Verdun road over 100 Frenchmen were captured, and on both sides of the Doller (Upper Alsace) thirty-seven Frenchmen were brought in.

Misty weather has almost entirely kept the fighting activity within moderate limits.

At several points successful undertakings were accomplished near Chilly (between the Somme and the Aisne). Eighteen Englishmen were brought in.

428 SHIPS ENTER FRENCH PORTS IN THREE DAYS.

Satisfactory Figures Disclosed—Daily Average 108 in First Week.

PARIS, Sunday.—In an article in the *Echo de Paris* M. Marcel Hutin gives the number of ships entering French ports as:—

February 24	142
February 25	128
February 27	160

He points out that the average in the first week of the blockade was 108.—Reuter.



Bouchavesnes is eight miles S.E. of Bapaume, one mile south of Rancourt and three miles north of Peronne.

ARMED NEUTRALITY BILL TALKED TO DEATH.

Battle of Speeches and a Senator Who Was Beside Himself With Rage.

WHAT MR. WILSON WILL DO.

Armed neutrality, says the Exchange, quoting the United Press, died at noon yesterday under the filibuster in the Senate—in other words the Bill was talked to death.

[A filibuster is one who obstructs legislation by speeches.] The last hours of the Bill that Mr. Wilson had asked Congress to pass were spent on a filibuster against Senator La Follette, who had boasted that he would kill the measure.

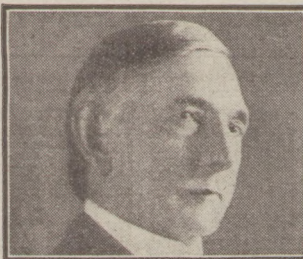
It is learned on the highest authority, stated an earlier Reuter message, that President Wilson will arm American merchantmen and take any other steps necessary to protect them.

When Mr. Seran, says Reuter, read Herr Zimmermann's apology for the German plot, Senator Brandegee said: "Are we going to lie on our backs and let this Frankenstein monster trample over us ruthlessly?"

"I am not deceived as to the effect of this Bill. The effect will be that the next passenger freightship with American guns on board which attempts to reach a British or neutral port in the zone will be attacked by a German submarine."

"That means there will be war if this country is fit to live."

Mr. Stone, the chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee, whose constituency of Missouri contains considerable Teutonic elements,



Senator W. J. Stone.

then offered an amendment to prevent the protection and arming of munition ships under the proposed law.

Mr. Stone also said that he had heard that Navy experts had devised a plan to equip merchantmen with submarine chasing boats.

When taken to task by another senator for revealing secrets, he replied that he had not said the plan had been adopted.

Senator Hitchcock, who was in charge of the Armed Neutrality Bill, endeavoured to get Senator La Follette's consent to the vote, but Mr. La Follette refused. Every time Mr. La Follette tried to take the floor (i.e., to speak) he was rebuffed by rules, Senator Hitchcock continuing to speak.

CRIMSON WITH RAGE.

La Follette was crimson with rage. The decision by the supporters of the Bill to prevent La Follette from talking was arrived at early in the morning, in order to deprive him of the personal satisfaction of closing the debate and defeating the Bill.

At one stage the Senate was in an uproar. Senators Robinson and La Follette shouting and yelling, and the latter declaring that nobody could carry him out of the Senate.

Conflicts were several times barely averted. WASHINGTON, Sunday.—Mr. Wilson privately took to his study and retired at 11 to the Presidential Room in the Capitol, at noon to-day.

MR. LLOYD GEORGE AND COMING VICTORY.

"Forged by Flame of France and British Metal."

JOHN BULL'S TEETH.

"The forthcoming victory will be forged by the bright flame of France and the hard metal of Great Britain."

"It will be the foundation of a firm and lasting alliance between the two peoples, whose qualities are complementary and who now know and respect each other."

"France is an honour to, and the hope of, Europe."

This was what Mr. Lloyd George told M. Andre Violis, a special correspondent of the *Petit Parisien*, in a recent interview, and the British Premier's remarks and personally appear to have made a great impression on the French journalist.

"Never has a statesman" (writes M. Violis) "won the admiration and confidence of all in so tragic a crisis by a combination of rarer qualities. Never has Great Britain been greater, stronger or more united than at present, and the country recognises to whom she owes this."

UNKNOWN HEROES.

M. Violis (says Reuter) pens a brilliant description of Mr. Lloyd George. The correspondent writes:—

"The bitterness of private bereavement had not altered the power and serenity of his face. During the interview Mr. Lloyd George paid a generous tribute to France, which, he said, he had never so much loved as since the war."

"He sent an expression of his admiration and gratitude to the millions of French workers silently struggling and toiling with the bravest, most humble and tenacious courage."

"Mr. Lloyd George also paid a warm tribute to the Allied soldiers in every army, saying that they were unknown but glorious heroes to whose sublime efforts humanity will owe her enfranchisement, because," he added, "we are not waging a war of conquest, but one of freedom from the barbarous power of an insolent militarism which tramples every law under foot and attacks the unity and progress of the world."

"NEVER LETS GO."

The correspondent expressed the admiration of France at the amazing spectacle which Great Britain now shows both by the attitude of her civil population and by her continual military successes.

Mr. Lloyd George's face lit up proudly as he modestly replied:—

"The British realise that they are waging a war upon which depends the future of civilisation. An essentially maritime people, the British woke up and stirred themselves when their ships were sunk without warning."

"They are making sacrifices for the first time in a Continental war quietly and resolutely."

"We were slow to be aroused, but we will persevere to the end, whatever may be the cost of our efforts."

"When John Bull has once got his teeth into anything he never lets go."

ITALIANS IN STERN FIGHT.

ITALIAN OFFICIAL.

On the Julian front the enemy's artillery showed great activity against our lines east of Gorizia.

During the afternoon, after violent artillery and trench-mortar preparation, the enemy attempted to storm these positions in force, but was driven back with heavy loss.

Some detachments of the 9th Infantry Regiment launched a vigorous counter-attack, which resulted in the capture of thirty-two prisoners, including one officer.

BLOW AGAINST ITALY?

COPENHAGEN, Sunday.—Telegrams from Vienna say that General von Hoetzendorf will be appointed leader of an Austrian Army to operate against Italy.—Exchange.

A Central News Copenhagen message says the offensive, it is predicted, will be initiated during the latter part of the present month, and will be the biggest Austrian offensive of the war.

RUSSIANS' GAS ATTACK.

RUSSIAN OFFICIAL.

Western Front.—In the neighbourhood of the little town of Krévo we made a gas attack, which caused alarm in the enemy trenches.

Rumanian Front.—There has been reciprocal firing activity.

GERMAN OFFICIAL.

(Admiralty per Wireless Press.)

There have been no fighting operations of importance. Intense cold still prevails.

WHITELEYS

ANNUAL WHITE SALE

TO-DAY
and during
the Week.



CHILD'S SET OF WHITE FRENCH UNDERCLOTHING.
Fine Cambric, Hand Embroidered.
L132. Nightdresses. Sale Price: For 2 4 6 8 years. 7/11 8/6 9/11 9/6 9/11. L131. Chemises. Sale Price: For 2 4 6 8 years. 3/3 3/4 3/11 4/6 4/11 5/6. L130. Knickerbockers. Sale Price: For 2 4 6 8 10 12 14 yrs. 3/11 4/3 4/6 4/9 4/11 5/3 5/6.



L133. Child's Princess Petticoat, Hand Embroidered. Sale Price: For 18 21 24 27 30 33 36 39 42 45 48 51 54 57 60 63 66 69 72 75 78 81 84 87 90 93 96 99 102 105 108 111 114 117 120 123 126 129 132 135 138 141 144 147 150 153 156 159 162 165 168 171 174 177 180 183 186 189 192 195 198 201 204 207 210 213 216 219 222 225 228 231 234 237 240 243 246 249 252 255 258 261 264 267 270 273 276 279 282 285 288 291 294 297 300 303 306 309 312 315 318 321 324 327 330 333 336 339 342 345 348 351 354 357 360 363 366 369 372 375 378 381 384 387 390 393 396 399 402 405 408 411 414 417 420 423 426 429 432 435 438 441 444 447 450 453 456 459 462 465 468 471 474 477 480 483 486 489 492 495 498 501 504 507 510 513 516 519 522 525 528 531 534 537 540 543 546 549 552 555 558 561 564 567 570 573 576 579 582 585 588 591 594 597 600 603 606 609 612 615 618 621 624 627 630 633 636 639 642 645 648 651 654 657 660 663 666 669 672 675 678 681 684 687 690 693 696 699 702 705 708 711 714 717 720 723 726 729 732 735 738 741 744 747 750 753 756 759 762 765 768 771 774 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Daily Mirror

MONDAY, MARCH 5, 1917.

A SENSE OF THAW.

TWO Springs have been taken out of two years, since war overwhelmed Europe, and even an optimist will admit that a third will have to go the same way, as far as any real enjoyment of the freezing winds of April or the frosts of May is concerned. But Spring, the English or all-British Spring, is an illusion that never dies.

Always, as the first watery gleam of sun shines out—as yesterday in London—always we believe that it preludes lovely days. And now, moved by that illusion, we exclaim: "If only we could go away somewhere and forget about the war."

We imagined that a mental and moral thaw of this sort must come into most heads when the illusory sun appears after an unusually long dark and depressing winter. But apparently it is not so.

Disappointment in our leadership in the past, repeated and bitter; disappointment, appears to have frozen up so many minds and hearts that a much stronger dose of a much fiercer sun than yesterday's will be needed to restore hope.

Take our Liberal old friend the *Nation*: *eminement grinchoux*, as our French friends would say, always grumbling, the old Whig discovers, in a week of thaw, that the German retreat marks a sorry beginning of 1917 for us. In fact, another disaster! At once a trap set by them and a mistake made by us: "The retirement demonstrates the moral courage of the German Staff apart from its prudence. The Allies do not show up so well. . . ." Oh Heavens!

Heavens! Just as the sun seemed to show a gleam.

We turned from this to the speeches at the American Luncheon Club on Friday.

Lord Northcliffe, who has been nine times with the armies on the west, remarked:

It is supposed by some people that the present retirement of the Germans on the Aisne has for its object the upsetting of our railway plans. I do not think anything of the kind. In my opinion the retirement of the Germans is due to the fact that they are receiving four shells for every one they send over.

Possibly! We dare not say more. But we prefer to believe in Lord Northcliffe's opinion—while the sun lasts.

The other view is the Berlin view.

But remember that Berlin has never acknowledged that the biggest battle in history, the Battle of the Marne, was a failure for them, a mistake, or even a battle at all. It was a strategic retreat. May there be many more of them!

On the other side—the still frosty or frozen side—it is true that, between two evils, the German Staff have no doubt chosen the lesser—they have voluntarily retreated instead of waiting until forced. It is possible to explain away a voluntary withdrawal up to a certain point.

What point?

Up to the point when that withdrawal brings the retreating army, in its "prudence" and "moral courage," back on to native soil. We may be sure that the German Staff will never voluntarily order that withdrawal.

W. M.

AGE TO YOUTH.

Apply thy mind to be a virtuous man.
Avoid ill company (the spoils of youth).
Follow Virtue's lead (do what thou canst).
(Whereby great profit unto thee ensueth).
Read books, hate ignorance, (the foe to Art).
The Damsels of Virtuous Society of the bar.

Serve Jove (upon thy knees) both day and night.
Adore his name above all thing on Earth.
So shall thy vows be gracious in his sight.
So little babes are blessed in their birth.

Think on no worldly love, lament thy sin;
For lesser cause, when greater griefs begin.

Swear no vain oaths; hear much, but little say;
Speak ill of no man, lead thine own affairs.
Bridle thy wrath, thou angry mood delay;
(So shall thy mind be seldom altered with cares).
Be mild and gentle in thy speech to all;
Because no honest gain when death fall.

Richard Baskerville (1694).

HOW TO MAKE MONEY OUT OF WASTE.

THE PREMIUM BOND SCHEME IN A NEW LIGHT.

By A CITY MAN.

MR. H. G. WELLS' letter to *The Times* on Saturday put once more, but in a new and vigorous way, the case for Premium Bonds. That case is now very strong for two reasons.

First, the obvious one: Premium Bonds will bring money for the war.

Second, not so obvious, but very true: Premium Bonds will stop waste and spending by inducing spendthrift people to put out their money in the Bonds. The plan will divert waste and wasteful spending. It will turn waste into saving.

Something of a miracle!

The scheme has often been explained—

not always with sufficient clearness. The

patriotic gambling. The subscriber, if he did not win a prize, lost his sovereign.

With Premium Bonds the case would be entirely different. The original investment and its interest would be secure to all, and persons fortunate enough to gain prizes might double, treble, or multiply their original investment a hundred or a thousand-fold.

"THE SPORTING INSTINCT."

The intense anxiety of our people to help in the prosecution of the war is shown in a myriad ways. It is, nevertheless, necessary to make clear every method by which help may be given. Thousands of persons would find in the Premium Bond scheme a direct way of the most attractive sort, and a stimulus unknown in any other plan. It should attract folk whose sense of thrift was deaf to other appeals.

The war has shown that the people of the British Empire combine the sporting instinct with the practical and expedient in a manner unrivalled by any other races. We have now

FOOD TICKETS.

IS THERE NO OTHER WAY OF REDUCING CARELESS CONSUMPTION?

DREAD OF RED TAPE.

MOST people seem to think that the only way of bringing in compulsion in regard to the food problem is by food tickets and all the paraphernalia they involve.

If this were so, I should be inclined to disagree with you that compulsion is desirable. For think, with our muddled methods, what that would mean!

Imagine the hotels taken over by the Government.

Imagine the paper needed for the printing of food tickets.

Imagine the immense muddle of the distribution.

Let us try to get on with some other plan.

Cannot strict regulations be applied at the source rather? For instance, cannot the wholesalers and retailers be allotted only a certain amount of basic foodstuffs for distribution in each district? Are food tickets the only alternative to waste?

AGAINST RED TAPE.
Grove Park, Liverpool.

DANCES IN WAR TIME.
I WONDER if those who object to amusement in war time have ever objected to it before because other people lay dying of cancer, consumption and other horrors?

I wonder if they have ever objected to amusement because a wreckage of humanity lay face downwards on the grass in the Green Park facing London's most fashionable thoroughfare—a shame and a disgrace to a much-vaunted civilisation?

Did they cease dancing when there were two million unemployed, and because children starved in the slums?

Oh, no! Those scenes were not dramatic enough for their tender hearts, so they went on their way rejoicing and passed by on the other side.

ONE WHO REMEMBERS.

CROPS.

MAY I suggest through your wide read paper that school lads from the age of nine to thirteen be granted leave from school, say, two or more half-days per week, to help in the gardens and allotments during this planting and sowing busy time.
A. J. PHILIP.

IN MY GARDEN.

MARCH 4.—As soon as the soil is in a suitable condition, parsnips may be sown. The drills should be about two inches deep and one foot apart. Broad beans, too, must be got in at once, also early peas and spinach.

It is most important, of course, never to sow in wet ground; the soil should be in a dry and friable state, otherwise failure is almost certain.

Do not manure land intended for tap-root vegetables; for these subjects the soil need only be thoroughly broken up and mixed with ashes from the garden fire. Peas, onions, celery, cabbage, winter greens, etc., need rich ground.

E. F. T.



He will make relaxations, that might otherwise be harmless, occasions for gorging and wasting food. For every entertainment to him means simply over-eating. (By W. K. Haselden.)

plan to be adopted is very simple. Holders of Premium Bonds would be entitled to receive a fixed rate of interest and would have the security of the British Government for their capital and dividends. The dividends would be moderate, but in addition there would be premiums determined by an annual draw in which a certain number of the Bonds would be redeemed, some at ten times or a thousand times their cost. All investors would have a chance of prizes as well as the certainty of getting their money back together with the interest.

The attractiveness of the scheme for the public is admittedly great. During the recent loan days the Stock Exchange got up a series of sovereign sweepstakes beginning with a £1,000 sum and ending with a £20,000 sweep—the lot, of course, to be invested in the War Loan. Subscribers were not limited to the House, and the sweeps were scarcely opened when they were filled. It was merely

a business-like Government which does not hesitate to act unhindered by formulae and ideal theories applicable only to some serene planet and not to a world at war. Eminent divines, ministers of peace, preaching on the duties incident to the war urge on us the need of destroying our enemies—putting it bluntly that the road to peace can only be opened by the killing of more and more Germans. The "silver bullet" is one of the means most potent for the annihilation of the Huns; and plans to increase the supplies of money should not be overridden by consideration for those who hold that there is something immoral in the scheme.

Millions of money can be obtained by these Bonds. There is nothing more undignified in their use than there is in the various forms of life and accident insurance, or in the speculative element which is inseparable from the industrial life of the nation. The gambling factor is everywhere, but it is called

by different names. It cannot be eliminated. The war compels a recognition of every honest material means useful to a great end. In the process of redeeming Premium Bonds there is the method of a lottery, but that no more makes the scheme undesirable than does the element of chance taint the virtues of great industrial enterprises.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

I have observed that towns which have been casually burnt have been built again more beautiful than before; mud roads afterwards made of stone; and roofs, formerly but thatched, after advanced to be tiled. The apostle tells me, That I must not think strange concerning the fiery trial which is to happen unto me. May I likewise prove improved by it. Let us renew soul, which grows out of the ashes of the old man, be a more firm fabric, and stronger structure: so shall my affliction be my advantage. Thomas Fuller (1616.)

BRITISH NAVAL MEN IN CAPTIVITY.



Dinner time. Jack, being a handy man, has made his quarters nice and comfortable.



Sawing a tree trunk.



Resting after their work.

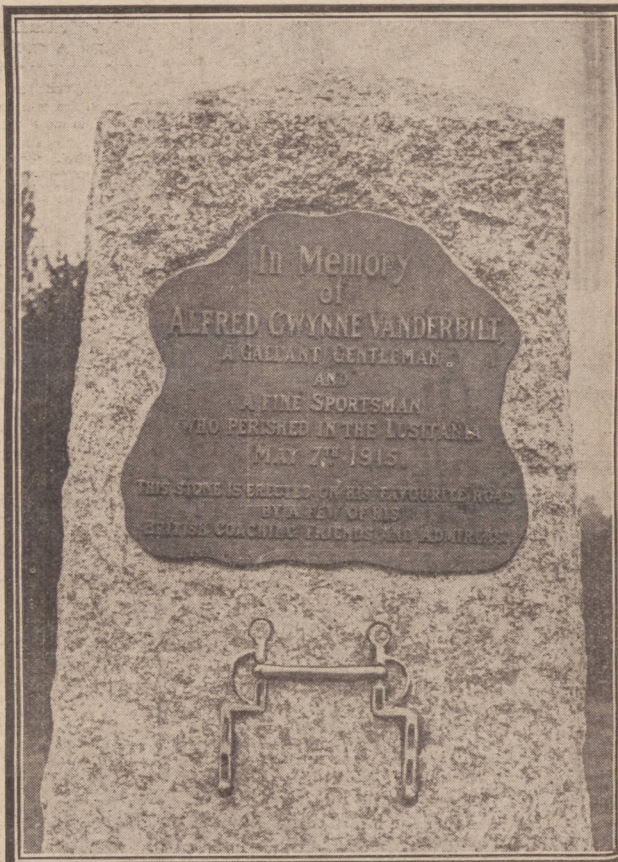
A number of British sailors who were captured at the great battle of Horns Reef are being employed at felling timber in a German forest. The photographs have just reached England.

SIR WILLIAM DUNN WAITS ON WOUNDED SOLDIERS.



The Lord Mayor pouring out tea at the Cannon-street Hotel, where a large number of wounded soldiers were entertained on Saturday by the Institution of Locomotive Engineers.

"ON HIS FAVOURITE ROAD!"



Erected on the Brighton road in memory of Mr. A. G. Vanderbilt. It was along this road that he so often drove his famous coaches.

ON ARMOU



Captain Russell Primros rendered valuable service in command of the D.S.O. The above continued personal great gallantry.

TWO DECO



Capt. Lachlan Stuart, son of the late Mr. Hamish Stuart, the sporting journalist, awarded the M.C. He is only twenty.

WATER FOR



Water is carried eight miles chiefly of sandbags. 1

WOMAN UNDERTAKER.



Mrs. W. P. Lawrence, of Brenchley, Kent, who is carrying on her husband's business, carts her own timber.

9,000FT. ABOVE THE SEA.



An Italian outpost. Note the skilful mingling of sandbags and snowblocks. (Italian official photograph.)

THE PIPES MAKE MARCHING EASIER.



Men of a Highland regiment marching across a desert to their favourite music.

ROAD. ON ARMoured CARS



Captain Russell Primrose Wells, who has rendered valuable service in charge of armoured cars, awarded the D.S.O. The nature of his duties involve continued personal risk, and he has shown great gallantry several times.

TWO DECORATIONS.



Capt. Lachlan Stuart, son of the late Mr. Hamish Stuart, the sporting journalist, awarded the M.C. He is only twenty.



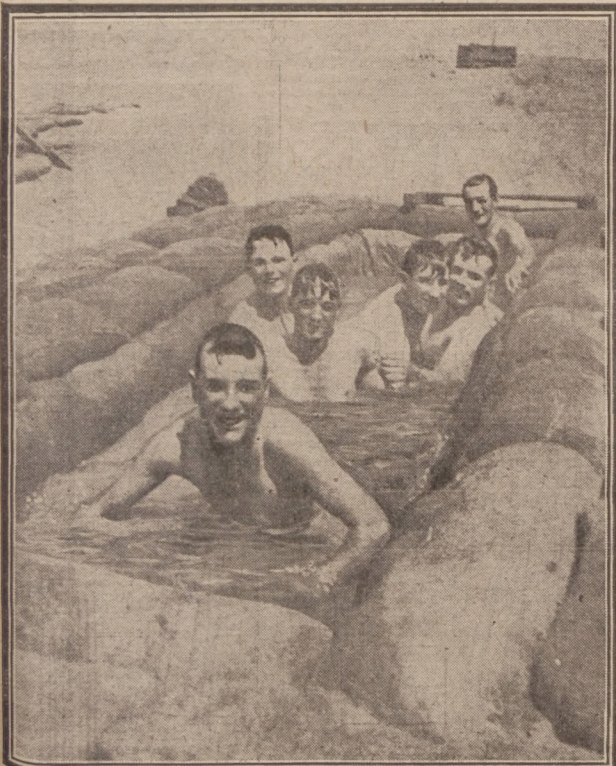
Pte. L. C. Burnard (Royal West Surrey Regiment), who has been awarded the Military Medal for bravery on the field.

BISHOP'S DAUGHTERS' EIGHT-HOUR DAY IN GARDEN



Hard at work. The Bishop suggests that girls of about fifteen might come along and give a hand.

WATER FOR BATH CARRIED EIGHT MILES.



Water is carried eight miles by camels for this improvised bath, which is made chiefly of sandbags. It is filled once a week. (Exclusive to *The Daily Mirror*.)



Miss Mary Cecil burning the rubbish.



Miss Eve Cecil (A) and Miss Mary Cecil (B).

The three daughters of Lord William Cecil, the Bishop of Exeter, rise daily at 6 a.m. and spend eight hours cultivating the palace garden. Miss Eve Cecil and Miss Mary Cecil, who are seen above pruning a fruit tree, both wear the Board of Agriculture badge. (*Daily Mirror* photographs.)

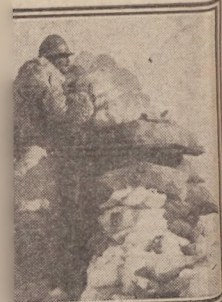
CRIPPLED CHILDREN WHO ARE GROWING VEGETABLES.



The children at the John Ruskin School, West Newington, are digging up a plot of ground.

anderbilt. It was along this is coaches.

T. ABOVE THE SEA.



an outpost. Note the skilful of sandbags and snowblocks. (Official photograph.)

NG EASIER.



ert to their favourite music.

Orders by Post receive the personal supervision of the Departmental Manager.

Barnes

of HAMPSTEAD

Our Annual WHITE
SALE will commence
Monday next, March
12th. Write for
Catalogue.

Great Salvage Sale

Our Annual WHITE SALE will commence Monday next, March 12th. Write for Catalogue.

of the Unclaimed and Uncleared Goods of a General Carriers' Company
(MARINE & RAILWAY SALVAGE, &c.), bought by us at Public Auction.

On MONDAY, MARCH 5th, 1917

Prices in many cases LESS THAN HALF TO-DAY'S VALUE

6,000 White Damask Remnants , varying from 6 by 3in. to 7 by 2in. <i>Regular prices 6d. to 1s. each.</i>	SALE	380yds. of stout white Pillow Cotton , 38 to 40in. wide. <i>Regular price 1/- yard</i> 480 yds. of fine white Naluseok , in perfect condition, 40in. wide. <i>Regular price 10s. yard</i>	SALE
5,000 Children's coloured border Handkerchiefs , hemmed. In good condition. <i>Regular price 2½d. each</i>	1d.	500 yds. of super quality Fancie , elste, 32 to 36in. wide. <i>Salvage slightly soiled. Regular price 10s. yd.</i>	6½d.
800 yards of stout Pink Flannelette , 27in. wide, in perfect condition. <i>Regular price 4½d. yard</i>	1d.	White Turkish Towels , about 24 x 48in. size varies, slightly soiled, Heavy serrated centres. <i>Regular price 11½d. each</i>	8½d.
1,600 yards of pure White Naluseok , 40in. wide. <i>Regular price 8½d. yard</i>	2½d.	108 pure white hemstitched and plain White Damask Cloths , 60 x 70in. <i>Regular price 7½d. each</i>	10½d.
1,200 yards of White Longcloth , about 36in. wide. Slightly soiled. <i>Regular price 6½d. doz.</i>	4½d.	88 pure White Damask Table Cloths , 50in. square. <i>Regular price 4½ each</i>	3/11
510 Heavy plain White Pillow Cases , full size, button ends. <i>Regular price 1½ each</i>	3/11½	880 odd White Damask Serviettes , ready hemmed, about 20in. square, in good condition. <i>Regular price 1¼ each</i>	3/11
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80 Lovely White Irish Double Damask Table Cloths , quite perfect, full bleach and beautiful quality. 3yds., x 3yds. <i>Regular price 2½ each</i>	7/11	304 yards of unbleached Fine sheet- ing , for single bed, about 40in. wide. <i>Regular price 10½ yd.</i>	6½d.
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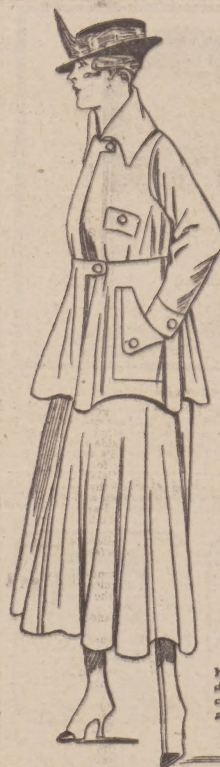
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THE PHANTOM LOVER

By RUBY
M. AYRES



PEOPLE IN THE STORY.

MICKY MELLOWES, a rich bachelor, who has had all the good things of life, is able to help.

ESTHER SHEPSTONE, a beautiful girl, who is earning her own living, is being courted by her employer, because she is going to be married to

RAYMOND ASHTON, a good-for-nothing fellow who is going to throw the girl over.

JUNE MASON, who is Micky's friend, becomes Esther's friend. Micky confesses to June Mason that he loves Esther.

Before the train arrives in Paris Micky confesses that the announcement of Ashton's marriage has appeared in the papers.

Micky and June arrange to get Esther away from London, in order that she may not learn about Raymond's treachery. When Esther and Micky are out motoring they stop at a roadside inn. Esther hears two men talking of Raymond's marriage.

She rushes away and starts for Paris. Micky is very angry when Micky tells her that Raymond is unworthy then she breaks down and sobs bitterly.

Before the train arrives in Paris Micky confesses that he wrote the letters which had so delighted Esther.

Esther does not want to believe what Micky tells her; but in spite of herself she feels that he is speaking the truth.

Micky does not wish to intrude upon her, for he feels that his company is unwelcome. He goes away, and Esther wanders out into the streets feeling very unhappy and desolate.

Not seeing anything, she wanders into some public gardens.

A man passes her. He pauses and turns back. Then he comes and speaks to her.

It is Raymond Ashton.

Esther's eyes are opened by Ashton's brutality. He taunts her, and she tells him that Micky is in Paris.

Esther is very desolate. She drives to the hotel from which Micky had written to her and there she meets Micky. He is very kind and takes her back to London.

He asks Esther to marry him.

Esther is full of remorse and says that she cannot marry Micky. He accepts the situation, and makes a compact of friendship with her.

June welcomes Esther enthusiastically on her return.

A visitor comes to see Esther. He leaves his card—his name is George A. Rochester.

The next day Rochester returns—he knew Esther when she was a little girl in India.

Rochester is very interested in Esther, and he is charmed by June. He invites them to lunch, and Micky is asked to complete the party.

"WHO IS MICKY?"

THERE was a little silence; Esther looked at June with eyes grown suddenly blank.

"Oh," she said then.

She put the fur coat down on the bed; after all, it did not matter much to her what wore; she knew now that in her heart she had been almost sure that Micky would not, she wondered what made June think he had not wanted to do so.

"I expect he has a good many engagements," she said, rather vaguely.

"A good many invitations," June answered. "But he generally refuses them all. Something's the matter, I know, I could tell by his voice."

She went on brushing her hair vigorously, but there was a little disappointed frown on her face. It would have been much more fun had there been four of them she was thinking; Micky might have been a sport and come along.

She recalled the almost curt tone of his voice as he had answered her, and she wondered if there had been a more serious rupture between himself and Esther than even she had dreamed of.

"So we shall have to make up our minds to enjoy ourselves without his distinguished company," she said airily. "I daresay we shall be able to manage quite nicely. Esther, aren't you going to wear your fur coat?"

"My fur coat," said Esther rather unsteadily. "It's not mine."

She was taking from the wardrobe the shabby jacket she had worn the first night she met Micky; it looked more shabby and unsmart than ever, but she was going to wear it whatever happened.

She was smarting with hurt pride; she had asked Micky to come soon when they parted at Charing Cross; she had asked him to come the very next day and now two days had gone by and he had not written—had taken no notice of her.

"If he's trying to pay me out, I suppose it's only what I deserve," she thought; but somehow it did not seem like Micky to try or wish to pay anybody out. Even when she had been most horrid to him he had been patient and kind to her. There seemed no explanation at all of his conduct now.

She did her best to be bright and cheerful when Rochester came; but she felt as if she were the unwanted one of the trio, the third corner for whom nobody had any use.

They lunched at a restaurant which she had never even heard of, though June seemed quite at home. There were several people at other tables, too, whom June knew, and Esther felt very out of it all and unhappy.

(Translation, dramatic and all other rights secured.)

It was a good thing she had refused to marry Micky, she thought with a sort of anger. She knew none of his friends and nothing of the life to which he had always been accustomed. She did not realize that it was the knowledge of her shabby coat that was affecting her spirits more keenly than anything.

June's clothes were not new, but they had an unmistakable "cut" about them, and Rochester was exceedingly well dressed.

He talked to June a great deal. Once or twice he tried to draw Esther into the conversation, but, seeing that she wished to be let alone, he soon gave up the attempt.

June was very merry; she laughed a great deal and kept the ball of conversation rolling.

"I could never be entertaining as she is," Esther thought with a pang. "I wonder if it's because I've never had the chance, or if it really isn't in me?"

When they had finished lunch she said she must go on to Eldred's.

"You forget that I have to work for my living," she told June when the elder girl protested. "You take Mr. Rochester for a walk and I'll meet you again for tea."

She got her own way in spite of arguments, and presently June and Rochester were walking away together.

"I should like to shake Esther," June said as soon as they were out of earshot. "She's so obstinate—she hasn't got a penny in the world, and she's so used to let anyone help her. I hate the idea of her going back to Eldred's—it's a petticoat shop, in case you don't know—and she's much too good to be there, stuffed up in a workroom all day."

"You beggar her to come into my business, and she won't hear of it."

"Your business?" he echoed.

June laughed and flushed.

"Oh, I forgot that you didn't know! Yes, I got a business—a sweet little one. Micky calls it. I'll go and see some day. Micky is going to put it on the market for me when it can be arranged—I haven't got the capital myself, but Micky has."

"And who is Micky?" asked Rochester.

"He's the best man in the world," June answered with enthusiasm. "I've known him for years. You'll have to meet him—you'd get on splendidly together, I know. There's no nonsense about him; he's rich, but he doesn't make a song about it; he's just—well, I've never met a man to come up to him," she added.

"I see." He looked down at her with quizzical eyes. "And is this paragon a married man?" he asked.

June laughed.

"No, he isn't, though he's had several narrow escapes," she stopped, she was not quite sure if she ought to tell him that Micky had wanted Esther.

"I've only ever met one woman who didn't fall in love with him at first sight," she rattled on then "and that was Esther. She doesn't like him—she never did, though I can't understand why."

"It's a good thing everyone doesn't fall a victim to his charms," Rochester said dryly.

"Oh, he's not that sort at all," June explained. "He isn't a bit good-looking, or anything like that—but he's—well, he's just a dear! You wait till you see him—you wait till—"

she broke off. "Talk of the devil," she added under her breath. "Here he is."

AN OLD ROMANCE.

MICKY was coming leisurely along the path-way towards them. He walked rather aimlessly, but his face brightened considerably when he saw June, but even then he would just have raised his hat and passed if she had not stopped him.

"You can't escape me, Micky—we were just talking about you. Let me introduce you—Mr. Mellowes—Mr. Rochester—Mr. Rochester is a friend of Esther's—he knew her ages ago out in India, where she was a little tiny girl."

"Indeed," said Micky. He did not sound particularly interested. The two men shook hands.

"Esther has just left us," June went on. "She's gone to Eldred's to see if they'll take her back there. I've tried all I know to dissuade her, but it's no use; I wish you'd try, Micky—she said you'd been awfully kind to her."

Micky coloured.

"I'm afraid my persuasions would be useless if yours are no good," he said shortly. He turned to Rochester. "Are you staying in town long?"

Rochester smiled; perhaps it was unconsciously that he looked at June. "I've so few friends here—it's a great many years since I was home, you know."

"Micky's the one to take you round," June struck in. "What he doesn't know about London isn't worth knowing—" she looked at Micky with expectant eyes.

"I shall be delighted," Micky said. "Will you come along to my rooms one evening—are you doing anything to-night?"

"No, but—"

"Come to-night then; I'll take you round to my club."

"Don't you let him turn you into a night bird," June warned him, laughing. "I know Micky. And isn't he a perfect dear?" she demanded when Micky had gone. "Didn't I say you'd like him?"

"He seems a nice sort of chap," Rochester admitted, rather reluctantly. "Do you always call him by his Christian name?" he asked, after a moment.

"Of course! I've known him for years—we were nearly married once—"

He frowned. "Indeed."

"Yes—"

June's eyes twinkled. "When I said nearly, I mean that people were trying to make us make a match of it; but I didn't care for him—not in that way—"

"In what way?"

"The way I think a woman should care for a man she is going to marry," she explained.

"I see."

They walked some little way in silence.

"Do you call a man of forty-seven old, Miss Mason?" Rochester said then, irrelevantly.

June considered.

"It depends on the man," she said at last.

"Who are you thinking about?"

"Myself," he answered.

"You!" She stared at him. "Why, of course you're not old," she said indignantly.

"I feel old sometimes," he admitted with a half sigh. "When you come to think of it, I was a grown man when Esther was a little tot in pinafores. I was twenty-five when I knew her out in India."

June was interested at once.

"What was she like? Wasn't she a perfect little darling? Oh, I am sure she must have been."

He considered the point.

"She was very small and fair," he said at last. "Like a fairy doll, if you know what I mean—and very like her mother."

"You know her mother too, then?"

"Of course—and her father..." He stopped.

"I suppose she has told you all about them?" he asked.

"No—I think she said that she could not remember her father. She told me she was brought up by an aunt in England."

"So she was. Her mother died, you know; her husband deserted her about six months before she was born. She never got over it, poor soul."

"I think men are hateful," said June viciously.

"Some of us are," he admitted; "but not quite all. I thought Esther would have told you all this—she seems to be such friends."

"I don't believe she knows it," said June candidly. "Not that it matters, because I suppose the man's been dead for ages, hasn't he?"

Rochester did not answer at once.

"Hasn't he?" June inquired again.

"He died about a year ago," Rochester said then. "I ran across him quite by chance up in the hills. It's partly why I came home—"

June interrupted breathlessly.

"I know what you're going to say—he's left her a lot of money, and you've come over to see she has it! I always knew something like this would happen. Oh, isn't it too lovely!"

"It would be if it were true," he said, sobering. "But it's only in fairy stories that sort of things happen. I'm afraid. Poor Shepherd—she has a penny to leave anybody. He was utterly down and out. But he spoke about Esther—and he asked me to try and find her if I ever came home."

June was looking very disappointed.

"Oh, what a shame!" she said. "I should so

love something like that to happen to Esther; she's had such a hard life; never any real fun or happiness."

"You're very fond of her?" he said.

"I love her," June answered.

His brown face flushed.

"Lucky Esther!" he said lightly.

They walked a little way in silence; presently—

"I should like to tell you really why I came home," Rochester said then. "It may sound a foolish reason to you, but to me... I wonder if you'll let me tell you."

"Of course... I'm ever so interested," she declared.

But he seemed to find it difficult to begin.

"Twenty years ago," he said at last abruptly, "I was in love with Esther's mother."

June was looking straight ahead of her down the road, but she did not turn her head or make any comment.

"It was only a boy's headlong sort of passion, I dare say," he went on, in a half-shamed way; "but the fact remains. Shepstone was a brute to her, and I—I tried to make things a bit better. She didn't care for me, but she liked me as a friend, and the child—little Esther—she was fond of me." He laughed, half-reverently.

"I remember thinking that life was finished for me when her mother died—we do think that sort of thing when we're young, you know... Well, I'm ashamed to admit that I'd almost forgotten all about her until I ran up against Shepstone a year ago in the hills. I've had a lonely life, Miss Mason, and I've made money. There's nobody belonging to me to love, I should care to leave it, and when Shepstone died I began to think about his girl, and wondered where she was, and what sort of position she was in, and it suddenly came into my head that I would go home to England and find her, and see what I could do for her. I believe I had some sort of idea of adopting her and leaving her everything when I died, but now—" He paused, and glanced down at June's face, half-hidden by its big hat—"now I almost think I've changed my mind," he added deliberately.

There will be another fine instalment of this splendid serial to-morrow.

PERSONAL.

COME the 8th same place as August: daylight. STAYING Brighton short time, health; fond love—Juliet, WILL Eddie write to dad? Why ungrateful! Important. HAIR permanently removed from face with electricity, ladies only—Florence Wood, 475, Oxford St., W.

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The Lady Farmer's Boot

THE advent of the lady farmer is, in our judgment, no "nine days' wonder." Having secured the right materials, we have made special arrangements in our Northampton factory for producing quantities of these magnificent boots.

Ordinary stout boots are not suitable for land or farm wear. For this purpose special material and special construction are absolutely necessary, and anything short of the virtues contained in the Lady Farmer's boot will lead to regret and disappointment.

Reliable and Unique.

The uppers are cut from prime waterproof Chrome Hide; the firm waterproof sole being nearly half an inch in substance, are a guarantee against all weathers. The tongues are fixed in a manner which makes the boot watertight, similar to a shooting boot. There is also an unbreakable outside back-strap, and the full toe and wide heel completes a boot which is as reliable as it is unique.

All sizes in stock: 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8.

Made in two different widths: No. 4 (medium) and No. 5 (wide).

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TO-DAY'S GOSSIP

News and Views About Men, Women, and Affairs in General



Lady Amphil, who is succeeding the Countess of Arlitz as Lady-in-Waiting to the Queen.

The New Labour Order.

I HEAR there will be a big debate this week (possibly to-night on an adjournment motion) on the new Labour order which prevents men in certain trades leaving one firm to go to another. The order is far-reaching in its effects, and the House wants more light shed on it.

The Irish Debate.

THE COMING IRISH DEBATE was the subject of week-end gossip at the House. I was told that Sir John Lonsdale's amendment extending compulsion to Ireland is not likely to receive much consideration, even if it is moved. Sir George Reid will be one of the "star turns."

A New Register.

I HEAR there is a good deal of sectional activity concerning the report of the Speaker's conference on electoral reform. All that is likely to result from the labours of Mr. Lowther's committee is a Bill to bring the register with existing qualifications up to date and to ensure the enfranchisement of soldiers and sailors on active service.

No Controversy.

MR. BONAR LAW is resolutely opposed to the introduction of these controversial matters in war time, and in taking up this attitude I happen to know that he is wholeheartedly supported by the Prime Minister.

A Popular Cause.

ON ALL SIDES I hear expressions of satisfaction that Mr. Churchill is taking up the cause of the "Terriers" in the House. The cases I have heard of Territorial officers who have since the beginning of the war been out in France, trained their men to perfection, and earned their trust, only to be shunted off to Mudecombe-on-Sea to make room for a "real" officer, are too numerous to mention.

Unmerited Slights.

THERE ARE CASES uncountable, too, where temporary officers have been refused merited decorations because "such things matter more to the 'pukka' soldier." If a man is worth taking from his career, if his life is worth sacrificing, he is worthy of promotion and of honour, surely, when he earns them.

What is Meat?

IN A STRAND RESTAURANT on Friday I found nothing on the menu besides soups and fish, but chicken and duck. "A meatless day-to-day," complacently explained the waitress. I had not the heart to tell her that Lord Devonport insists that poultry is meat.

The Child at Work.

THE WAR is having its effect upon the children. On Saturday morning, when travelling up to town, I noticed between Richmond and Mortlake a child of about twelve patiently guiding a horse plough across a newly-turned-up field.

M.P.'s Experiment.

MAJOR-GENERAL SIR IVOR HERBERT, M.P., the Lord-Lieutenant of Monmouthshire, has always been conspicuous in public life for his originality of thought and independence of action.



Sir Ivor Herbert, M.P.

speakers I know who has the knack of saying exactly what he wants to say without superfluous words. He can hit hard in debate, but, being an English gentleman, he never hits consciously below the belt.

A Clean Fighter.

SIR IVOR, a distinguished-looking man of soldierly bearing, is one of the few public

Nurses Decorated by the King.

I SAW a group of nursing sisters entering Buckingham Palace on Saturday. They received decorations from the King. These nursing sisters are remarkable business women, managing, as they do, very large staffs. A wounded officer who was in a big Chelsea hospital told me he was impressed by their wonderful administrative talents. "They would be capable of managing an army corps in a pinch," he said.

A Gifted Family.

I NOTICE that the name of the Hon. Katharine Norton appears in the *London Gazette* amongst the thousand nurses mentioned for valuable war services. Miss Norton, who is the youngest daughter of Lord Granley, is a beautiful girl, extremely popular in society. Her sister, Miss Eleanor Norton, has achieved some distinction as a poet.

Soldiers Like Sacred Music.

IT WAS a happy thought of the Rev. H. R. L. Sheppard, the vicar of St. Martin-in-the-Fields, to start a series of Sunday afternoon musical services at his church for soldiers and sailors. The first of them, yesterday, was a great success. Sacred music, it seems, has an extraordinary fascination for the men back from the front.

Princess Patricia in the Church.

THE CHURCH was so crowded with wounded officers, soldiers and their friends that many could not gain admission. Of course, the presence of the Duke of Connaught and Princess Patricia had a great deal to do with this, but there is no doubt that the khaki congregation greatly enjoyed the splendid rendering of "Peer Gunt" by the band of the Coldstream Guards.

Riviera Gossip.

NEWS COMES to me from Mentone of great activity in Lady Menzies' workshop, where artificial limbs are made for the local hospitals.



Lady Ellesmere, whose husband has been mentioned in dispatches.

Truly a change from old-time Riviera life! There are two big hospitals to supply—Lady Michelham's for our wounded and Lady Waleran's for the French Red Cross, which is entirely staffed (with the exception of one V.A.D.) by English folk.

Black and White.

THE MANY CINGALESE WOUNDED make a study in black and white with their jet-black faces and snowy bandages. The Grand Duchess Anastasia takes a deep interest in their welfare. You remember the story current when her daughter married the German Crown Prince? They say she and the Kaiser sat side by side at the wedding feast, and she would not address a word to him. She has renounced her German rank, and works for the French wounded now.

The Quickness of the Hand.

APPARENTLY Mr. David Devant is not only a conjuror himself, but an imparter of his art to others. He tells me that he coached the conjuror in "Chu Chin Chow"—likewise the one that appeared in Mr. Oscar Asche's other Oriental show, "Kismet."

"Remnant."

I WAS CHARMED with "Remnant," the 1840 play at the Royalty Theatre. It breathes the true spirit of 1840 romance, and is as true to period in its spirit as in its dresses. Miss Marie Lohr as the laundry girl who developed into the guardian angel of the engineer was delightful.

A Big Reception.

MISS LOHR has never looked more attractive than in her Cinderella-like rags and barefooted poverty of the first act, or in her full plaid dress and bonnet of the last. Mr. Dennis Radie invested the part of the hero with all the charm of a romantic and volatile personality. A difficult part was played with distinction by Miss Hilda Moore.



Miss Hilda Moore.

The Passing of the Poster.

SO WE ARE to see the last of the newspaper poster in the course of the next few days—until the war is over, at any rate. There are many besides myself who will regret its passing. I fancy that for a long time the fronts of the paper shops will look bare and desolate without the familiar *Daily Mirror* bills.

A Bill of the Past.

HAS IT EVER occurred to you that there is an art in writing posters? To get the maximum effect in the minimum space is by no means easy. I remember when the South African War broke out one of the evening papers appeared with the single word "War" in big capitals.

"Apt Alliteration."

ANOTHER DAILY PAPER at one time always called in the aid of alliteration in the composition of its bills. Events appeared to favour it. I have a vivid recollection of a by-election at Brixton. The Unionist candidate was the Hon. Evelyn Huddard; the name of the Liberal was Nunn. Nunn lost. This was the announcement the next morning:—"Bravo, Brixton! Nunn Nowhere."

Will Town Criers Be Busy?

A FRIEND PREDICTS that one result of the abolition of the big poster will be to bring a lot of extra work for the town crier, the old-world official in picturesque garb who, armed with a bell, proclaims in the streets of our ancient towns the loss of articles, the date of forthcoming entertainments, and so forth. I think it will be found that most of these quaint functionaries are considerably above the age of men required by Mr. Neville Chamberlain.

Another Round-Up.

LOOK OUT for a military round-up of a somewhat novel character during the next few days.

Cigarettes Oust Scent.

LOOKING IN at a picture house in North London on Saturday I was struck by the number of women smoking cigarettes. "The habit is growing," the manager explained. "No end of girls carry a cigarette case nowadays. The scent bottle seems to be out of date."



Mile, Adeline Genée, who is appearing this week at the Coliseum.

Simpler Plays.

I LOOKED in at the St. James' Theatre on Saturday afternoon to hear Mr. Neville Chamberlain make his plea for simpler plays to the theatrical managers. This, of course, could only come by general arrangement.

"A.B." M.P.?

SIR GEORGE ALEXANDER spoke well and in the best parliamentary manner. I was surprised at the eloquence of Mr. Alfred Butt, who made the speech of the afternoon. I should think he would make a great impression on the electors of Waltham.

"Double Event" Doubled.

"THE DOUBLE EVENT"—the new racing comedy at the Queen's—lived up to its title on Saturday. I am told that, by a curious coincidence, the same number of pounds was taken in the afternoon as in the evening—the receipts for the latter being £281 6s.

Wheat.

The national knead.

Patriotism.

"You've got a bad cough, June," said the tiny girl's mother. "You must have some medicine." "Oh, mummie! said June in a shocked tone. "Not in war time!"

THE RAMBLER.

D. H. EVANS & CO., Ltd.

THIS WEEK EARLY SPRING EXHIBITION

OF
Tailor-Made Coats and Skirts,
Coat Frocks, Wraps,
Trimmed and Untrimmed Millinery.
Woollen & Cotton Dress Fabrics & Silks.

WOOLLEN DRESS FABRICS.

- No. 1 DM. NAVY and BLACK SERGES and GABARDINES
40 to 54 in. wide. 2/11, 3/11, 4/11, 5/11 to 10/11 per yard.
- No. 2 DM. BLACK & WHITE NAVY & BROWN CHECK SUITINGS
in various sizes Cheviots. 42 to 54 in. wide. 1/11, 2/11 to 7/11 per yard.
- No. 3 DM. OXFORD GREY TWEEDS and SUITINGS
in Light, Mid and Dark shades. 40 to 54 in. wide. 1/11, 2/11 to 6/11 per yard.
- No. 4 DM. TRICOTINE, GABARDINE and CHEVIOTS
in all the New Colours. 40 to 54 in. wide. 5/11 to 10/11 per yard.

COTTON DRESS FABRICS.

- No. 5 DM. COTTON GABARDINES and POPLINS
40 in. wide. 20 New Colours. 1/9, 1/11 and 2/3 per yard.
- No. 6 DM. CREPE SPONGE and SPONGE CLOTHS
40 in. wide. 15 Colours and White. 1/9, 2/6 and 2/11 per yard.
- No. 7 DM. PRINTED COTTON VOILES and FOULARDS
27 and 40 in. wide. Several designs. 6/12 to 18/6 per yard.
- No. 8 DM. DRESS CASEMENT CLOTHS (double width)
40 in. wide. 20 New Colours. 9/4, 11/4 and 12/2 per yard.

SILKS, TAFFETAS AND CREPE-DE-CHINES

- No. 9 SM. CHIFFON TAFFETA. We hold a large stock of this beautiful Silk, which is indicated as the leading feature of the coming season. In plain and shot effects. Especially manufactured for us in all the latest shades by the most reliable makers. Double width. 3/11, 4/11, 5/11, 6/11 and 7/11 per yard.
- No. 10 SM. "GEORGETTE." This beautiful fabric is in great demand, and we hold a very large stock comprising all the latest shades at old prices. 3/11, 4/11 and 6/11 per yard.
- No. 11 SM. CREPE-DE-CHINE. We stock over 300 shades in various qualities. Specially dyed in all the latest shades for the Season. Suitable for Blouse or Gown. Double width (each quality can be had in Ivory and Black). 4/11, 5/11, 6/11 and 8/11 per yard.
- No. 12 SM. HAITIENNE TAFFETA. A beautiful make of soft Taffeta with a fine ribbed effect. In all the latest colours, especially manufactured for us, most reliable for wear. Double width 7/4 per yard.

Patterns of any of the above Post Free on request

Carriage Paid on all Orders over 2/6 in value throughout United Kingdom.

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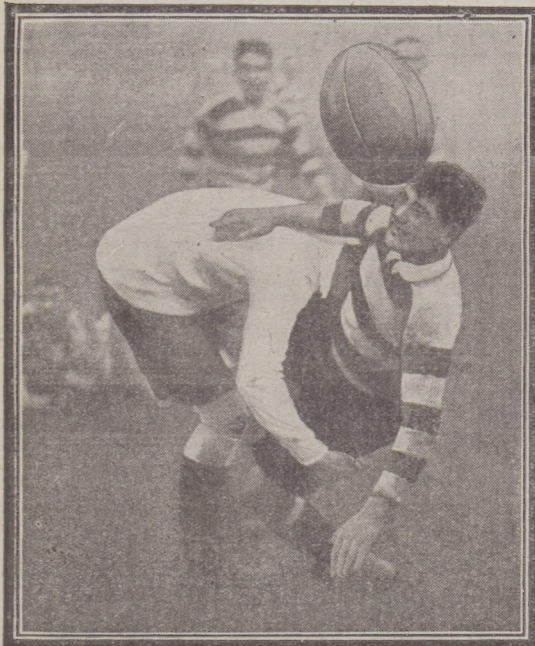
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THE A.S.C. STILL VICTORIOUS.



A fine tackle by a Public School boy in the match against the A.S.C. (Grove Park). The A.S.C. won by 31 points to nothing.

MR. PROTHERO'S DAUGHTER NURSE AND ACTRESS.



The Stars and Stripes Pierrot Troupe, six nurses and two doctors. Miss Prothero (r.)



In a sketch with Dr. Chance.



Miss Prothero as the laughing pierrette.

Miss Hope Prothero, daughter of the President of the Board of Agriculture, who for some time has been working as a Red Cross nurse at the Freemasons' Hospital, Hammersmith, was the leading spirit in an entertainment given there to the wounded patients.—(Exclusive to *The Daily Mirror*.)

LADY LLEWELLYN.



Lady Llewellyn, wife of Sir J. T. D. Llewellyn and sister of the late Lord St. Aldwyn (Sir Michael Hicks-Beach), who has died.

MAJOR MISSING.



Major A. T. Sloan, the Scottish Rugby international, who is reported as missing. He is the son of Dr. Sloan, of Edinburgh.

BLACK AND WHITE.



Black silk dress with a white silk collar. The hat is also in black.

SACRED MUSIC FOR SERVICE MEN.



The Duke of Connaught and Princess Patricia arriving for the musical service held at St. Martin's-in-the-Fields yesterday afternoon for sailors and soldiers.—(*Daily Mirror* photograph.)

COLOURS DEPOSITED IN THE ABBEY.



Bishop Ryle, Dean of Westminster (wearing beard) and Archdeacon Pearce, with the colours of a Canadian infantry regiment, which were placed on Wolfe's monument in Westminster Abbey on Saturday.